

An Eaglemoss Publication

£1.50
UK &
EIRE

THE SPINE CHILLER COLLECTION

47



Reading's never been so
SCARY!

Malta LMI.25
Australia \$3.95
New Zealand \$4.95



Want to get the **CREEPS** again next week?
To make sure you get your copy of The
SpineChiller Collection every week, ask an
adult either to place a regular order with your
magazine retailer or take out a subscription
to The SpineChiller Collection.

Subscriptions/Back Numbers

Simply write to The SpineChiller
Collection, PO Box 1, Hastings,
TN35 4TJ, enclosing a
cheque/postal order made payable
to Eaglemoss Publications Ltd
for the cover price x the number
of parts you wish to receive
(minimum subscription 12 parts).
Or call our credit card hotline on
01424 755 755.

UK Enquiries

Subscriptions/Back Numbers
Customer Services: 01424 755 755

UK Trade Enquiries

Gary Neale 0171 581 1371

Australia and New Zealand

Subscriptions: Write to the relevant
address below or call the order hotline.
Please enclose a cheque/money order
for the cover price x the number of parts
you wish to receive (minimum
subscription is 12 parts).

Back Numbers: Either ask your
magazine retailer to order the copies for
you or, in case of any difficulties, write to
the relevant address below, enclosing a
cheque/money order for the cover price
x the number of parts you wish to
receive.

Australia Enquiries

Telephone: (03) 9872 4000.
Address: The SpineChiller Collection,
MC Box 460, Eastern Mail Centre, VIC
3110. Please make cheques payable to
Bissett Magazine Services P/L.

New Zealand Enquiries

Telephone: (09) 625 3010.
Address: The SpineChiller Collection,
PO Box 24013,
Royal Oak, Auckland. Please make
cheques payable to Mercury Direct
Marketing.

South Africa

Subscriptions:
Please call the order hotline on
(011) 652 1807.

Back Numbers: Please write to
The SpineChiller Collection, Private Bag
18, Centurion, 0046, enclosing a
cheque/money order made payable to
Eaglemoss Publications for the cover
price x the number of parts you wish to
receive.

Singapore, Malaysia, Malta & Cyprus

Back Numbers available from your
magazine retailer.

Credits

Evil in the Ashes from Scary Stories from 1313 Wicked
Way © 1996 by RGA Publishing Group, Inc.

Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs: Corbis UK (Bettmann/UPI) TU1(b);
Mary Evans Picture Library Ltd. SBT2(tr); Fortean
Picture Library SBT2(tc), TU1(t), TU2(cr), (Haddon
Davies) TU2(b), (Tony O'rahilly) TU2(t); Images Colour
Library OHW2(t), SBT1(t, b), TU1(br); Trip (A Tovy)
SBT2(b).

Illustrations: Simoni Boni (Inklink/Virgil Pomfret)
PUZ1-3(sp); Christyan Fox OHW3-4(sp); Luigi Galante
(Virgil Pomfret) CS1-4(sp); Lee Gibbons OHW1(bl),
TU1-2(sp); John Higgins SBT1-2(sp); Barry Jones
SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate FRONT COVER(t); Jerry
Paris CS1(t); David Wyatt (Sarah Brown Agency)
FRONT COVER(b), OHW1(cl), OHW1-2(sp).

Editorial and distribution offices
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR

Editor: Jenny Curran

Art Editor: Chantal Newell

Section Editors: Carey Denton,
Christine Hatt, Amanda Maclean,
Vanessa Morgan

Deputy Art Editor: Andy Archer

Designer: Jessica Watts

Picture Editor: Barry Pells

Production Controller:

Teresa Magnowska

© 1998 Eaglemoss Publications
All rights reserved
Printed by: CSM Impact, England
Colour origination by:
Colourscan, Singapore

47 CONTENTS

SUPER SCARY STORY
Evil in the Ashes

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Belgium
Now You See It...!

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Glastonbury

CLASSIC SERIAL
Frankenstein-
Chapter 3

THE UNEXPLAINED
Psychic Photos

PUZZLES
Awesome Animals



Next week in

The SPINECHILLER
Collection

SUPER SCARY STORY
Camp Colby

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Hungary
Chef's Secret!

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Riddle of the Great Pyramid

CLASSIC SERIAL
Frankenstein
Chapter 4

THE UNEXPLAINED
Parallel Universes

PUZZLES
Creepy Cats

EVIL IN THE ASHES



It is late evening, and all is quiet as Sarah crouches in the
bushes, watching.

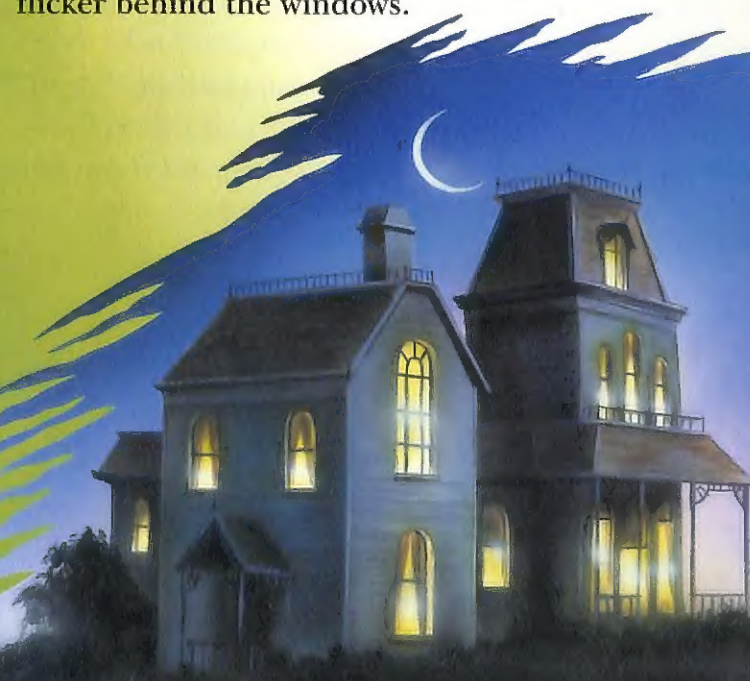
There is nothing to see at first. Just a house, older than
time, rotting in a dead meadow. No footsteps echo along its
corridors. No breeze stirs in the nearby forest. But Sarah is
patient. It is close to midnight, and she knows that soon, activity will
strike the old mansion.

It begins with the silencing of the crickets. One minute she hears
them, chirping happily, and the next, there is no sound at all. Sarah
knows that some strange instinct must have quieted the insects. Still
she can't help imagining that some invisible, evil force has reached
from the old house and crushed the life out of them.

Shivering, Sarah checks her watch. Then she takes out her notebook
and records the date and time.

A minute later the wind reaches her. It feels as cold as the breath of
a glacier, and Sarah knows this unearthly wind is blowing from the
mansion.

Her fingers trembling, Sarah again takes note of the time. She
glances up, surprised to see dull greenish lights already beginning to
flicker behind the windows.



This is the part she hates the most. Sarah knows it's no longer safe for her to pay attention to her note taking. She puts down her pen and watches intently.

The lights grow brighter and greener. The outline of the house shimmers and bulges against the night sky. The entire top floor appears to be growing bigger, like a balloon with someone squeezing it at the bottom. Rays of green light shine from the structure into the forest, up into the sky... and towards the town.

Now the cold wind brings a howling sound to Sarah's ears. Whenever she's been here and heard this howling, it has always made her imagine strange and horrible things. Tonight, the howling is ferocious. And as it grows louder, Sarah sees that the top of the mansion has enlarged to such an extent it looks as if it might explode.

She must not stay here another second. So, Sarah grabs her notebook and runs.



During lunch break the following day, Sarah is unusually quiet, and the other kids on her table can tell that something's on her mind. This is scary, because everyone knows she was the last one to take the watch at the mansion.

Taking out her notebook, Sarah flips through the pages to the most recent entry. "The lights appeared in the

windows only about a minute after the cold wind began," she reports. "And the howling began only seconds after the house started swelling."

The other kids stare at each other in uncomfortable silence. "The mansion has got more powerful," Amanda concludes. "Everyone in this town is in danger."

"But what are we going to do about it?" one of the kids asks.

Amanda shrugs. "Not much we can do – unless we get our parents to help us."

Sarah shakes her head. "Amanda, the Jardine mansion is haunted. Every kid in town believes that, but not one adult does."

"Then maybe it's time to tell them how we've been taking turns watching the place for the last two years," Amanda answers, studying her friends' faces. "None of the adults ever goes near the Jardine mansion. We've got to get some of them out there at midnight so they can see what we've seen. Maybe we should even show them the journal we've been keeping."

Mitchell, a tall fifth-former with wire-rim glasses, steps to the front of the group. "I'll say it's changed," he says. "Remember how at first we only saw spirits now and then? Now they're out there practically all the time."

"And thunderstorms used to stir up out of nowhere," someone comments.

"Yeah, and the sound of chains rattling," someone else adds with a shudder.

Amanda holds up the journal. "All of that's nothing compared to the way it is now," she says. "I'm going to talk to my family tonight. I think it's the only way. I don't know if my parents will buy it, but I think my grandmother will." She looks at the crowd of kids. "Who's with us?"

One by one, all hands go up, except Sarah's. "What about you, Sarah?" Amanda demands.

But Sarah has been lost in a horrible daydream. She remembers the bulging top of the mansion, looking as if it would explode and shower the town with ghosts and ghouls and unspeakable things. What could all the parents in the world possibly do against that kind of evil? But for now, with all the kids staring at her, she slowly raises her hand.



That night, Sarah sits across from her mother at the dinner table. A steaming casserole sits between them, but tonight she has no appetite. She wonders how many other kids in Creighton are feeling the same way. Her mother looks up from her food. "Are you feeling all right?" she asks, pointing at Sarah's untouched meal.

Sarah shrugs. "Actually, Mum," she says hesitantly, "there is something I need to talk to you about. It's about that old house in the hills," she begins.

Her mother chuckles. "Not the old Jardine mansion? When I was a kid, we all thought it was haunted."

"It is haunted," Sarah says quietly. "A bunch of us have been watching that house for a long time now," she blurts out. "Late at night, there are all kinds of noises and lights that come from it and..."

"Late at night?" her mum repeats angrily. "Have you been sneaking out

joining your friends at the Jardine mansion when I thought you were in bed?"

"Not exactly," Sarah says. "I've only been assigned to go there about once a month, and when I do, I'm always alone."

"Assigned! Are you and your friends playing secret agents?" her mother snaps. "Is this some kind of silly game?"

"It's not a game, Mum," Sarah protests. "It's hard to describe, but we think that the Jardine mansion is, well, coming alive."

Sarah's mother stands up and begins pacing the kitchen. "I can't understand why you kids would pull something like this behind your parents' backs."

"Because none of the adults will believe it!" Sarah yells back. "And the funny thing is, you used to believe it when you were a kid. You said so yourself."

"But this is nonsense, Sarah," her mother says. "I believed in ghosts as a kid, but as an adult, I realise that..."

"OK then, why don't you come with me to the mansion tonight and see for



yourself?" Sarah interrupts. "We won't be alone – there should be lots of other parents there, too."

"Oh, really," her mother says, heading towards the telephone. "Let's just find out, shall we?"

At first, the parents try to laugh off what their kids are telling them. But as their children describe again and again what they've witnessed at the mansion, eventually they wear down. In the end, most of the town, adults and kids alike, agree to meet at the mansion in a few hours, just before midnight.



Soon a parade of torches wind their way through the streets of Creighton and the dark woods where the mansion sits. Parents walk with their children, and hardly anyone speaks to anyone.

As everyone approaches the crest of the hill, the trees die out, giving way to a barren meadow. Finally, the terrible house comes into view, and the entire group stops as one and stares. While most of the hard dirt is lit by uneven moonlight, the mansion remains in shadow – dark, mysterious and uninviting.

Without a word, the crowd gathers in the meadow, staying a safe distance from the mansion. People glance at their watches. "It's almost midnight," someone whispers.

Standing next to her mother, Sarah feels a mixture of anticipation and fear. What if nothing happens? And worse – what if something terrible happens? She considers the black, crumbling house before them,

remembering the things she's seen here. What if the house has been waiting, storing up evil for all these years, to use it all at once on this very night?

Suddenly a father's mocking voice disturbs the silence. "Well, Toby," he says, addressing his son. "It's five past midnight. Where are all these ghosts?"

Other parents start grumbling, too. "I don't know how we all got caught up in this," says some woman with a high-pitched voice.

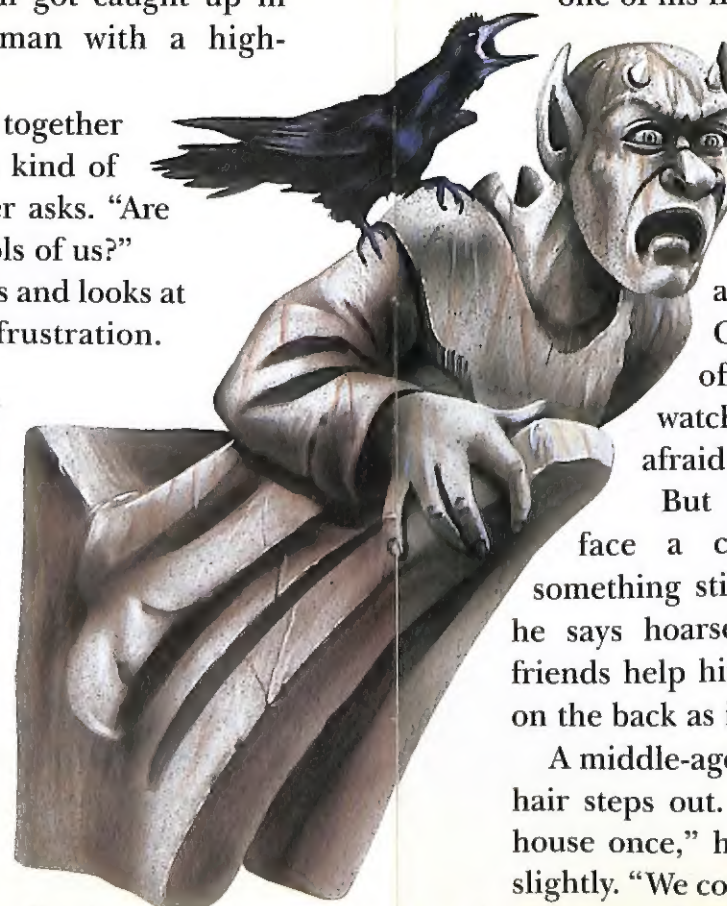
"Did you kids get together and plan this as some kind of hoax?" an angry father asks. "Are you trying to make fools of us?"

Sarah's mother sighs and looks at her daughter in frustration. "Well?" she asks.

"The mansion must sense that we're all standing out here," Sarah guesses. "It always starts glowing around midnight, but for some reason tonight it's waiting."

Just then a middle-aged man with long grey hair walks from the crowd. The kids only know him as Crazy Louie, the guy who sleeps in the public park. Right now he's pointing up at the roof of the house with a weird expression on his face. "See those gargoyles?" he says. Everyone looks up to see nine or ten mould-covered gargoyles perched on the rain gutters. "They all used to be children! I know, because when I was a kid..."

"Shut up, Louie!" someone shouts. "No one wants to hear that tired story of yours."



As Louie wanders off, Mr Sellars, the town grocer, steps out and addresses the crowd. He's wearing the smug expression of an adult who no longer believes in the things that scared him when he was a child. "When I was a kid, there used to be a fish-pond on the side of the mansion," he says. "I'm going to see if it's still there."

"Watch out for those attack fish!" yells one of his friends.

Everyone laughs as they watch him stroll behind the mansion. The crowd is noisy now. Some of the adults are angry with their kids, threatening a variety of punishments. Others are trying to laugh it off. Sarah ignores them, watching for the man to return, afraid that he might not.

But soon he does return, his face a chalky white. "There is something still alive in that fish-pond!" he says hoarsely. "Something big!" His friends help him to sit down, patting him on the back as if he were a child.

A middle-aged man with a shock of grey hair steps out. "I was trapped inside the house once," he says, his voice trembling slightly. "We couldn't even shatter the glass to get out. I only escaped when the house itself let me." He pauses for a moment, letting what he said sink in. "Doesn't it seem a little strange that not one of the windows in that place is broken after all these years?"

Everyone stares back at the mansion. It's true. The moonlight reflects off dozens of panes, but not one window is missing.

"Look. I'll show you," he says.

Gathering several rocks from the field, the grey-haired man hurls them at the house. They hit several windows but bounce off harmlessly.

The crowd murmurs, and a number of people take a step back from the mansion. Sarah's mum shakes her head. "What are you all afraid of?" she asks the crowd. "The house was probably built with special, non-breakable glass. What's so spooky about..."



"You're wrong," interrupts an elderly woman. Old Mary Beth Hollingsworth, Amanda's grandma, steps to the front. "We shouldn't be so hasty to call anyone crazy. Many years ago, something horrible happened to me in that mansion, too," she says. "I found the body of my dear friend Anita Jardine in that terrible house!"

Everyone starts talking at once, relating a story about the mansion or responding to someone else's. Suddenly, Sarah feels a chill pass through her. At the same time she sees a faint green glow coming from the house's basement.

"The house is waking up," she says.

But no one pays attention to her. For now, an earthly howling has begun. Then the greenish glow starts to rise up, and soon it envelops the mansion completely.



Everybody gasps, and people begin tripping over each other as they scramble for the safety of the woods. Soon the whole town is huddling in the dark forest, watching as the mansion moans and spits out greenish rays of light.

"Let's burn the place down!" a man screams.

"Yeah, let's burn it to the ground!" another shouts.

Cigarette lighters and matches flicker as people break off branches and light them.

Then an angry mob bearing flaming torches advances on the evil house.

Sarah and the other children have been told to stay back, and together they watch as the mansion expands. Sarah is sure it will rupture soon, unleashing the horrors that have been living within.

As flames lick up the mansion's sides, the adults rush back to the safety of the trees to be with their children. Suddenly a whooshing sound hisses from the mansion and it turns into a great mountain of fire. Burnt shutters fall to the ground. Rain

gutters warped by the heat, fall from the roof like black cats leaping off fences. And finally, the stubborn window-panes explode outwards. Along with the crackling sound of the flames, a terrible moaning fills the night air, and then it slowly becomes a low, agonised scream, like the sound of something dying.

Standing in awe at the amazing sight, the crowd watches the Jardine mansion burn. And not until the entire house has become a smoking pile of rubble do the townspeople turn towards their homes.

Sarah's mother grips her hand and forces out a smile as they turn and walk away. "It's over, honey," she says. "I'm sorry I didn't believe you."

But Sarah is not listening to her mother. All she can hear is the terrible laughter

that is slowly rising up from behind them. Petrified of what she might see, Sarah slowly turns around and finds that her worst fear has been realised.

"No!" she screams. And then everyone turns around to gape in horror.

There, rising up once again in the barren meadow, is the house. Whole once more, it smokes slightly, but otherwise there is no sign that it has been touched by a single flame. Again the windows are intact, again the gargoyles perch on the roof.

The crowd screams, and suddenly they turn to find a new light glimmering brightly on the horizon. They run towards it, down the path and over the next hill.

And there the townspeople stand, stunned and unbelieving. For except for the Jardine mansion, every house in town is on fire.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



SpineChiller travels to Belgium for tales of ghosts and UFOs...

THE NURSE'S REVENGE

In the 1300s, Count Alard lived in St Bavon Castle, near Ghent, with his many children and their trusted nursemaid Blanfar. Blanfar's son was killed by the count in a jealous rage. As her bloody revenge, the nursemaid arranged fatal 'accidents' for three of the count's sons, and poisoned his fourth. When the count realised that Blanfar was the killer, it was too late – his last living son had been murdered too. Blanfar's punishment was severe. Her body was chopped into quarters and buried at the four corners of St Wandrille's Forest! But this wasn't the end of Blanfar. Her rotting parts have been said to rise up and crawl together to form a gruesome ghost that lurches through St Bavon Castle to this day, carrying the body of her dead son.



STONES FROM NOWHERE

At a house in Marcinelle, near Charleroi, the Van Zanten family was bombarded by stones – 300 of them in total – over a period of four days. The stones made amazingly accurate spiral patterns as they shot through the glass window-panes. Police could not trace the culprits. The Van Zantens, though scared and mystified, were amazed that they had not been hurt. Mr Van Zanten's father-in-law said he saw one stone hit his arm, but that he hadn't felt a thing!

Could the answer to this strange bombardment be that the attack was the work of poltergeists?



UFO OUTPACES F-16s

Between November 1989 and March 1990, the Belgian authorities received over 2500 reports of triangular UFOs over their country. So great was public concern that an unusual deal was made between the Royal Belgian Air Force (RBAF), who would track UFOs from the air, and the local UFO group, who would report from the ground. Between March 30 to 31, radar stations at Glons and Semmerzake tracked a UFO flying slowly at about 6500ft (1981m). Two F-16 Fighting Falcons were scrambled to chase it but just as they clocked it on their radar screens, the UFO accelerated to a phenomenal speed and dived, losing the F-16s. Some people thought the triangular UFOs were American Stealth bombers – but how could this be? F-16s can fly twice as fast as Stealth planes yet these two Fighting Falcons were clearly outpaced by the UFO.



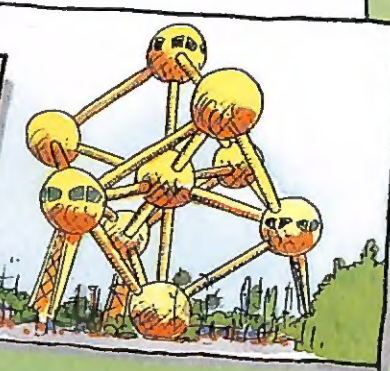
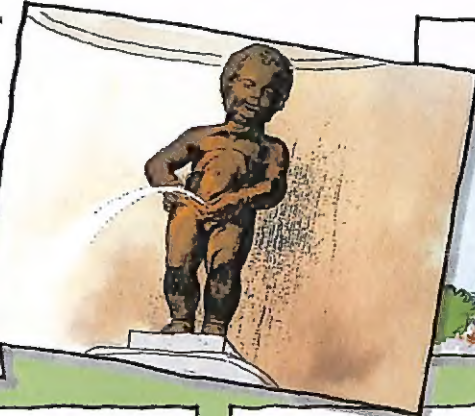
SPIRITS IN THE SKY

The Battle of Waterloo – which led to the defeat of Napoleon – was fought in fields around Waterloo, near Brussels, in 1815. Legend has it that several years afterwards, ghosts re-enacted the bloody war in the sky – right above the battleground. Many believe they were the spirits of the thousands of soldiers who died. Farmers say they can still hear the distant cries of Allied forces, under Wellington, and the French army, under Napoleon.



Now You See It...!

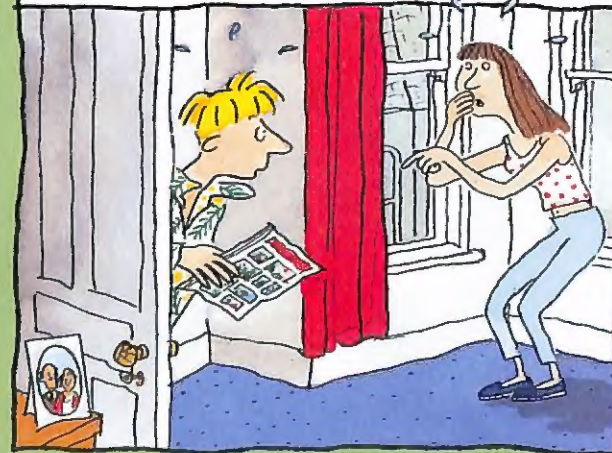
A friend of a friend heard this story about a Euro MP's home in Brussels...



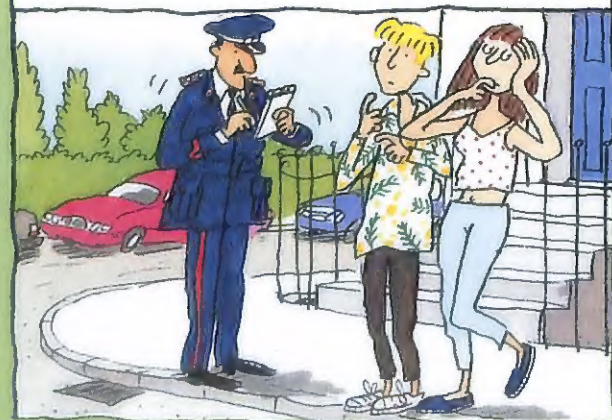
1 The MP and his wife went away for a week's holiday, leaving their teenage children to look after the house.



2 Next morning, the girl looked out of the window and shrieked: "Someone's stolen Dad's Mercedes!"



3 They called the police immediately and an officer arrived to take a full report.



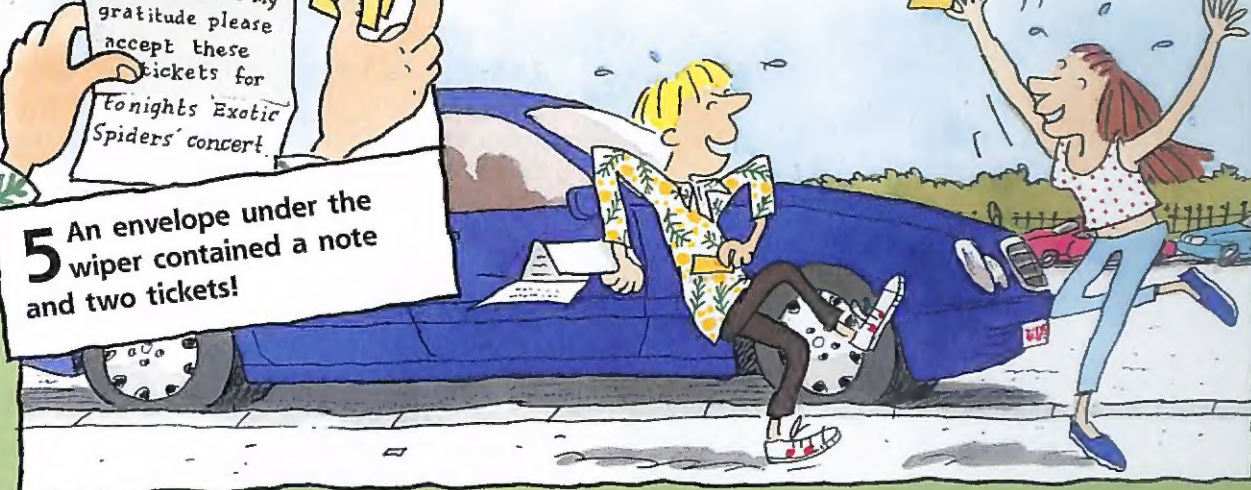
4 That afternoon the girl shrieked once more for her brother. It made no sense – but the missing Merc was back in its parking space!



Thanks for the loan of the car – you saved my life! As a token of my gratitude please accept these tickets for tonight's 'Exotic Spiders' concert.

5 An envelope under the wiper contained a note and two tickets!

6 The relieved pair couldn't believe their luck – tickets for the sell-out concert cost a fortune!



7 Just a few hours later, the carefree teenagers were singing along to one of the world's most popular bands.



8 When they eventually returned home, a nasty surprise awaited them – the Mercedes had gone again!



9 But worse than that – the whole house had been emptied, except for the telephone. The burglars had well and truly tricked them!



10 Before they had time to think up an excuse to tell their parents, the phone rang...





GLASTONBURY

Evidence no: 4711
The ruins of
Glastonbury Abbey

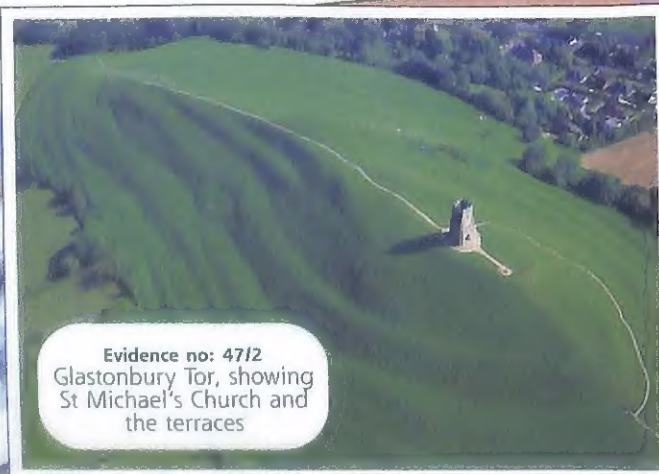
TOP TOURIST SITES

Glastonbury Abbey

Glastonbury's first church was probably built in the 7th century. By the 12th century there was an abbey on the site and two Saxon kings were buried inside. In 1184, the abbey burned down and was replaced by the monastery of St Peter and Paul, which contained a larger abbey. The whole monastery was closed down by King Henry VIII in 1539, and now only its weather-beaten ruins remain.

Glastonbury Tor

This 150m-high limestone hill rises steeply up from flat ground. Archaeological evidence, including two human graves, proves that people have lived on and around the Tor for at least 1500 years. The first settlements there were probably pagan, not Christian. St Michael's Church, whose ruins now stand on top of the Tor, was not built until about the 11th century. An earthquake almost destroyed it in 1275.



Evidence no: 4712
Glastonbury Tor, showing
St Michael's Church and
the terraces

Special Investigation File: 47

Subject: multiple mysteries relating
to a small English town
Place: Glastonbury, Somerset

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Glastonbury in Somerset may have been an early centre of paganism as well as of Christianity. So there are many mystical stories about the town – some people even claim Jesus went there as a child. Glastonbury may also be the site referred to in ancient writings as Avalon, the burial place of King Arthur. As a result of all these colourful tales, tourists flock to the town. But how many of the stories are true, and how many just age-old myths?

Dear Timothy

April 1998

I am glad to hear that your class is learning about Glastonbury Tor, but sadly I cannot give a definite answer to your question. This is because nobody is sure why the terraces on its slopes were created. Some people claim that they were dug by farmers so that they could grow crops there. Others believe that they formed a maze for pilgrims, and that the upward climb represented a journey from hell to heaven.

If I find out any more about this intriguing puzzle, I will let you know.

Best wishes

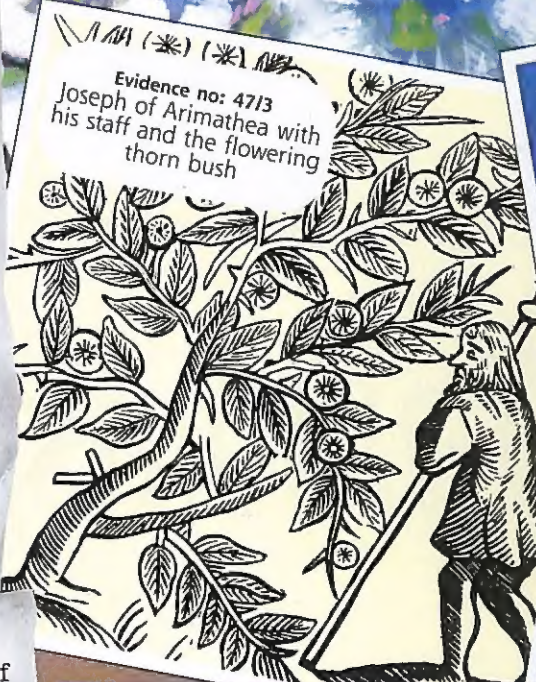
Uncle Theodore

JOSEPH'S JOURNEY – FACT OR FICTION?

Did Joseph of Arimathea – or even Jesus – once visit Glastonbury? Our reporter examines the evidence.

The legend that Jesus went to Glastonbury is just that – a legend. But what about the tale that Joseph of Arimathea, the Bible character who gave up his own tomb for Jesus' burial, arrived there in AD 73? In fact, Joseph's link with Glastonbury was not even mentioned until 1184, just after the abbey burned down. Then monks altered an old book by historian William of Malmesbury so that it included the story. This was probably to encourage pilgrims to visit – and to spend their money!

There are two other tales that link Glastonbury with Joseph. One claims that a Christmas-flowering thorn bush in the town sprang up on the exact spot where he stuck his staff in the ground. The other says that Joseph brought the Holy Grail to Glastonbury. According to legend, this was the cup from which Jesus Christ drank at the Last Supper. But both of these tales first appeared in the Middle Ages and there is no real reason to suppose that they are true.



Evidence no: 4713
Joseph of Arimathea with
his staff and the flowering
thorn bush

June 1998

Dear Tom

You know I'm fascinated by the legends of King Arthur, an ancient ruler of Britain. Well, according to those stories, he spent his life searching for the Holy Grail, was killed in a duel, then buried in a place called Avalon. In 1191, Arthur's bones were apparently dug up outside Glastonbury Abbey, so people assumed Glastonbury was Avalon.

Sadly, it now appears that the Glastonbury skeleton was not Arthur's. The story was probably made up by crafty local monks who wanted to attract visitors to their abbey!

Your disappointed friend
Nicholas

Unexplained

CONCLUSION

Historians may never unravel the exact origins of all the Glastonbury stories, but some were certainly inventions. However many people still claim that the town has a special atmosphere and explore its sites in large numbers. Since 1970, thousands of music fans have also arrived each summer to attend the Glastonbury Festival.

Evidence no: 4715
Modern-day tourists
in Glastonbury

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 3

Frankenstein

Retold from a story by Mary Shelley

When I heard the terrible news about my brother William and his nanny Justine, I prepared to leave for Geneva. But Henry was inconsolable and would not join me. I urged the carriage driver on heartlessly, constantly pleading with him to drive the horses harder. For I was aware of the awful swiftness of justice in Geneva and feared for Justine. I knew that she could not possibly have murdered William. It was not in her nature.

I will not bother you with a description of the trial procedures, Captain Walton. They are similar the world over and I may have missed certain details, for I was, like all my family, in a state of extreme shock.

The physical evidence against poor Justine was strong. She had been the last to see William, not far from where he died, and the locket my brother had always worn was found in her possession. Although she managed to stay calm throughout the trial, she broke down when the guilty verdict came and the sentence of death by hanging was passed. How unjust, how terribly wrong! My Father, Elizabeth and I all protested, yet we were powerless – Justine's fate was sealed.

The following morning, Justine was executed. It was the darkest of days for me and the rest of my family. Afterwards, I felt the need to visit the scene of my brother's death. So I left the others at home one night and went to the site. It was roped off and surrounded with flowers.

When I arrived, I fell to my knees and wept. Grief overwhelmed me, while above a storm erupted. The flashes of lightning reminded me of the destroyed tree that I had seen as a child, and of the time when I had created my monster. I had scarcely considered the terrible creature since I had received my father's letter. What if he were still alive and had come to Geneva? Could he have learned of my family? Would he have sought such dreadful revenge? I shook my head. No, it was impossible.

But making my slow way home, I had the most terrifying of encounters. I saw a massive, powerful figure standing some distance away. However, when the next lightning flash lit up the scene, the figure had gone. But I was dreadfully certain. It was, it must have been, my creation.

I now had a huge, guilty secret. Not one, but two people had died because of me and my infernal work. I won't trouble you with the full extent of my self-pity and grief. But I will say that I suffered dreadfully for my sins, or so I thought at the time. I even reached the point where I envied Justine her peace and rest. I am not afraid to admit that I thought of following her, of taking my own life. Only cowardice and fear of God's judgment kept me alive.

The glorious Alpine landscape that surrounded my family's estate became my refuge. For many weeks, I took regular trips alone into the mountains. I could not face other people, however much they needed me. Nor could I tell them a word of what had happened. During this time, beautiful, unspoilt nature started to lighten my heart and slowly my mood improved. One day, on a long trip past the glaciers, I vowed to return to my family and to take Elizabeth's hand in marriage.

As I thought this, I spied what looked like a man advancing towards me. As the figure loomed nearer, my heart trembled with rage and horror. It was the monster, the murderous wretch that I had created.

I stood firm as I waited for him to arrive. I was ready to fight him, to remove him from the planet or to die in the attempt.



By the time that he reached me, I was more like a monster than he was. I screamed threats, gnashed my teeth and snarled with anger, yet he was calm and had tears in his eyes. Finally, he spoke:

"Unhappy as I am, I will stand and fight you if I must. I am much stronger than you and will kill you, but I will not start the fight. I shall always be gentle with you because you made me. You should love me like a father. You think I'm a murderer, but you propose to murder me, your son."

Then the monster begged me to hear his tale. I was surprised by his voice. It was very loud and deep, but it also had a totally unexpected softness. However, I was even more surprised that he could speak at all. How had he learned to do so in such a short space of time? His thoughtful words intrigued me, too. So I decided to listen carefully to his story.

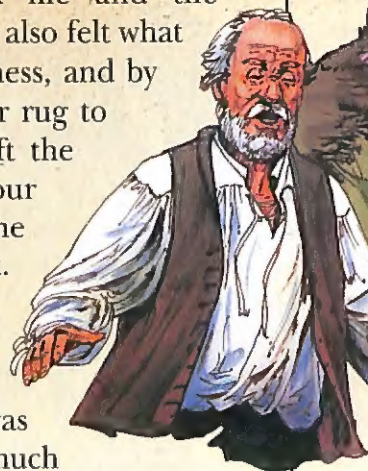
Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

This is what the monster said: "I have only hazy memories of my beginning – I can recall your face before you abandoned me and the sensation of great pain. I also felt what I later learned was coldness, and by instinct picked up a floor rug to cover myself. Then I left the place of my birth, your laboratory, and roamed the forests around Ingolstadt.

"For many weeks, by trial and error, I learned how to eat and drink, that fire warmed but was painful to touch, and much more. I also saw other creatures like you when I entered a village. I could not understand why they screamed and threw stones and sticks that hurt me until I saw my face in a pool of water. It was a terrible face, so I then understood why it aroused fear. Afterwards, I stayed in the forest and avoided people, but I watched them and learned their ways of behaving and speaking. I also found books, taught myself to read and gained much wisdom.

"I made my home secretly in a shed beside a run-down cottage. I watched every movement of the family that lived there, but did not make myself known to them. These people – an old man, a boy and a girl – were gentle to each other. From them I learned what kindness and affection were and started leaving food for them.

"I so wanted to speak to them but knew I must take care. When I learned that the old man could not see, a plan started to form in my mind. He could not judge me from my appearance, so I would talk to him. One day, with great excitement, I waited for the boy and girl to leave, then approached the old man. He was understanding and we spoke for some time. But when the boy and girl came back, they turned on me. The boy, whose kindness I had witnessed countless



times, started to hit me over and over again with a heavy wooden club. I would not fight back and hurt him, so just took the blows. But they sickened my heart. If I was not able to convince even these fine people of my goodness, then what hope had I with the rest of mankind?

"Howling in despair, I left the cottage for good. Then my thoughts turned to you, my creator, who had caused me all this pain. I had seen the love that the old man gave his son and daughter. I hoped that if I found you, my father, you would see the error of abandoning me and love me, too. I remembered you muttering the word 'Geneva', which I had learned was a town. So I decided that I would make my way there. I travelled only at night and always asked directions from a distance so that no one could see my hideous face. Eventually, after several months, I reached the outskirts of Geneva. There, tired and hungry after my long journey, I lay down to rest.

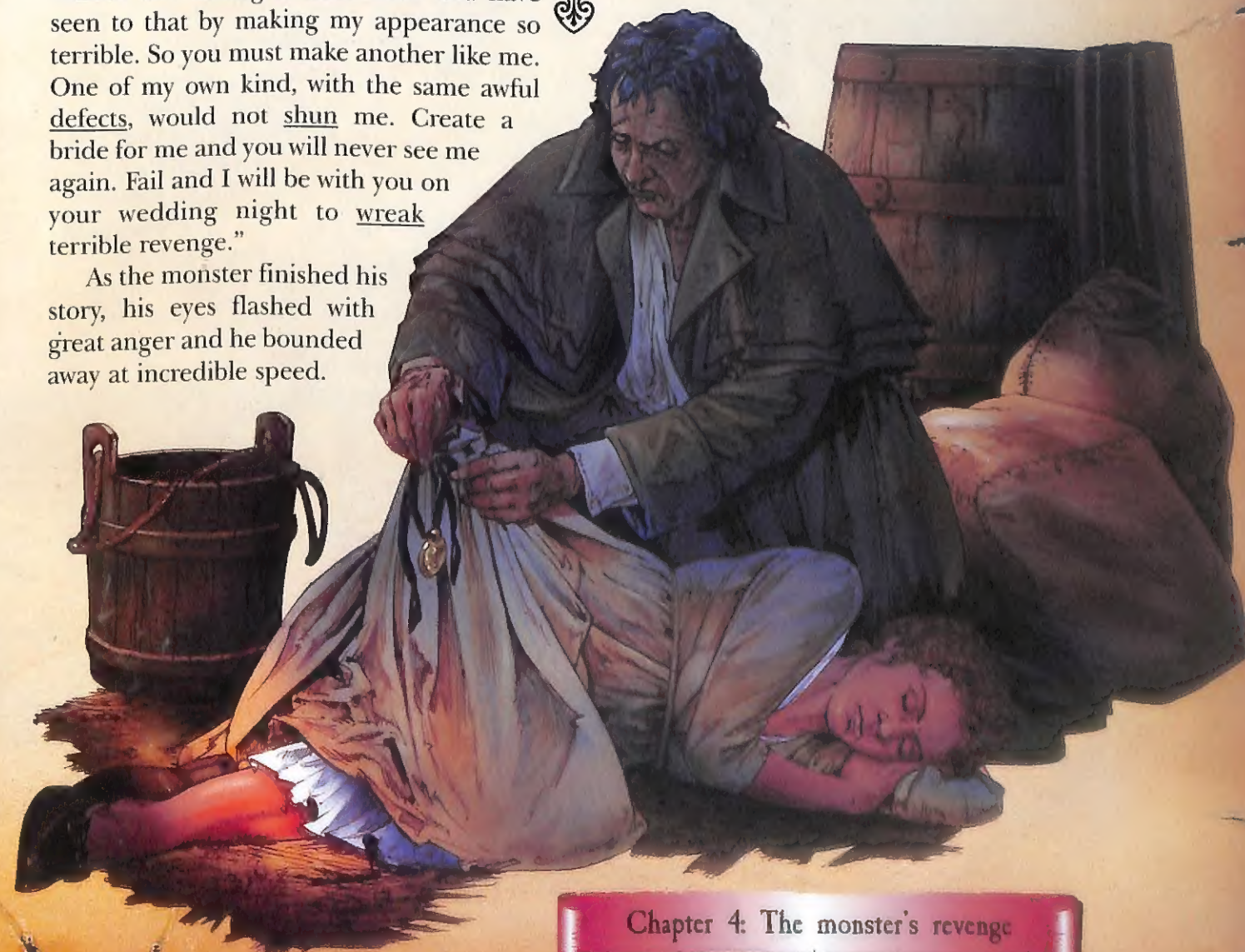
"But then a boy suddenly ran into the field where I was sleeping. Hoping to befriend him, I seized him as he passed by me. But he started to scream and to call me a monster. I tried to

calm him, but his cries grew louder and louder. Then something in me snapped and in a reflex action, I wrung his neck as if he were a wild animal. One moment he was alive. The next he was dead. I found a locket on his body that contained two pictures. One was of a beautiful woman. The other was of you, my creator.

"At once I began to search for a hiding place and found a barn that I thought was deserted. But then I found a woman lying fast asleep in a corner. I bent over her and placed the locket securely in the folds of her dress. For some days afterwards, I lurked in the area where the boy had died. I wasn't sure whether I still wanted to see you or whether it would be better if I simply left this world forever.

"But now I know what must happen. I cannot live among normal men. You have seen to that by making my appearance so terrible. So you must make another like me. One of my own kind, with the same awful defects, would not shun me. Create a bride for me and you will never see me again. Fail and I will be with you on your wedding night to wreak terrible revenge."

As the monster finished his story, his eyes flashed with great anger and he bounded away at incredible speed.



WORD POWER

inconsolable – very distressed; impossible to cheer up

infernal – relating to or suitable for hell; completely evil

Alpine – typical of the Alps mountain range, for example in having snow-covered peaks, grassy meadows etc.

reflex – an immediate response that occurs without a person choosing to make it

defects – faults; flaws

shun – turn away from; avoid

wreak – cause (something bad, such as injury or damage)



PSYCHIC PHOTOS

Spooks have been appearing in photographs long before Hollywood ever discovered the appeal of ghostly goings-on.

In the early 1900s, when photography was still quite new, some spiritual mediums – people who claim to be in touch with spirits of the dead – were producing ghostly snaps on demand.

The lack of knowledge about photography at the time, combined with the lack of scruples of some shifty so-called mediums, accounted for the ease with which some dead relatives popped up in pictures. But not all cases were so easily explained...

NOW YOU SEE IT

Photographic processes are now more generally understood and con-artists more easily spotted, but spirit photography, as it is sometimes called, has not altogether stopped.

In the last 30 years, many other inexplicable images have appeared. Most of these pictures were taken by people who had no idea that anything strange was going to turn up in their snaps.

So you can imagine how surprised they were when a ghostly presence popped up in the frame!

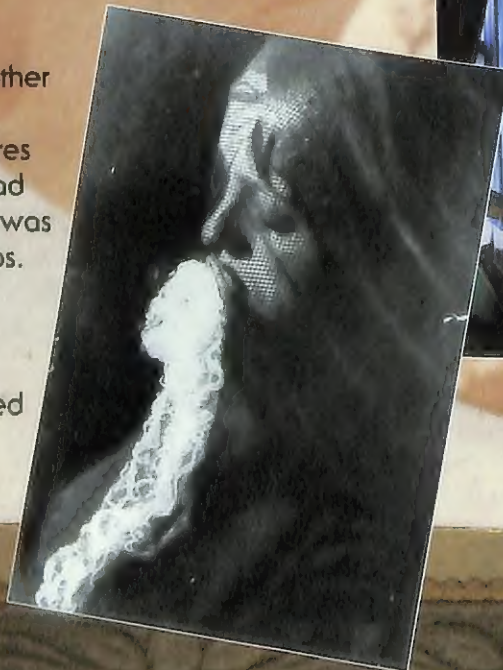


▲ GHOST OR HOAX?

Is this the Brown Lady of Raynham Hall, as the 1936 photographer claimed?

▼ FOAMTASTIC

Could this be a photo of a spirit materialising in ectoplasm (white foam)? Or is it a hoax?



DODGY OR NOT?

Could there be a logical explanation for these apparitions? It is possible to create many different effects using quite a simple camera – and even unintentionally. With the development of computer technology, touching up photographs after they have been taken has become especially easy.

So, if you are interested in proving that a ghostly photo is authentic, your first step should be to take the picture to a photographic expert, who can examine the film to find out if any obvious tampering has taken place.

Even if the picture is judged to be the genuine article, there are other elements to be considered.



▲ SEEING DOUBLE

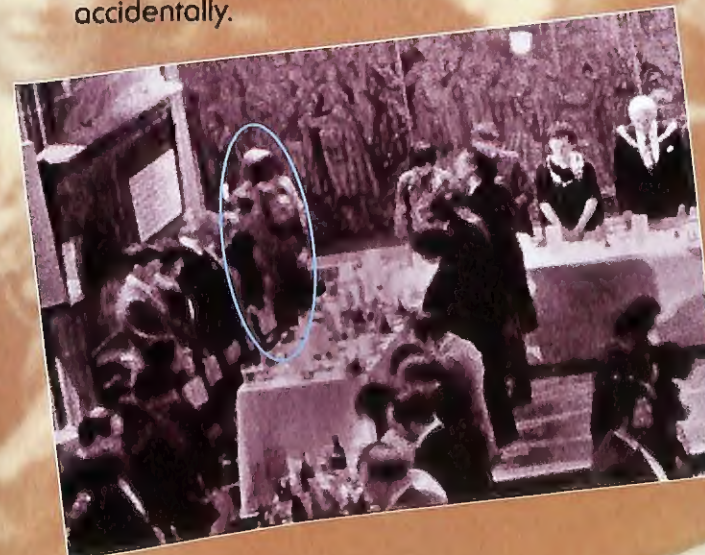
This convincing 'ghost' is actually the result of a photographic process called double exposure.



▲ FREAKY FIRE FIGURE

A girl appears at the door of a burning building in 1995. Fire officials claim it's just a trick of light caught on film. Or could she be the ghost of a young girl who accidentally caused a deadly fire in the same area – in 1677?

Light and shadows can create incredible effects in photography. And even the most natural subjects can appear almost paranormal if taken from a strange angle. Advanced photographers may play around with these effects to create stunning pictures, while beginners may find special effects appearing in their pictures unintentionally: double exposures, for example, can happen accidentally.



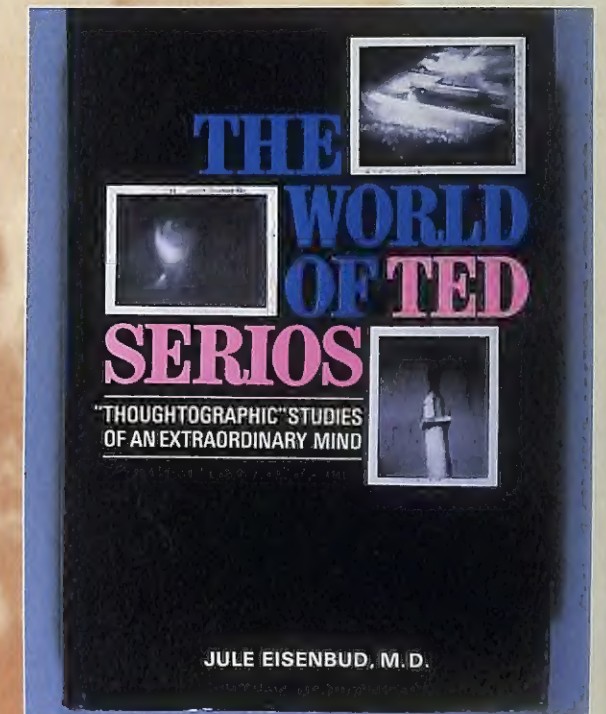
▲ GUESS WHO CAME TO DINNER?

Who's the mystery guest at this 1985 Guildhall dinner in Coventry? He appears here in black and white, yet no one could recall seeing him at the dinner!

ALL IN THE MIND

Perhaps the weirdest claims for supernatural photography are thoughtography. Some people claim that by simply pointing a camera at their head and taking a picture they record not a picture of their head, but pictures of what is going on inside their head!

The most famous thoughtographer was a hotel porter called Ted Serios from Chicago, USA, who excited psychic investigators in the 1960s with his extraordinary ability to produce weird photos.



▲ JUST A THOUGHT!

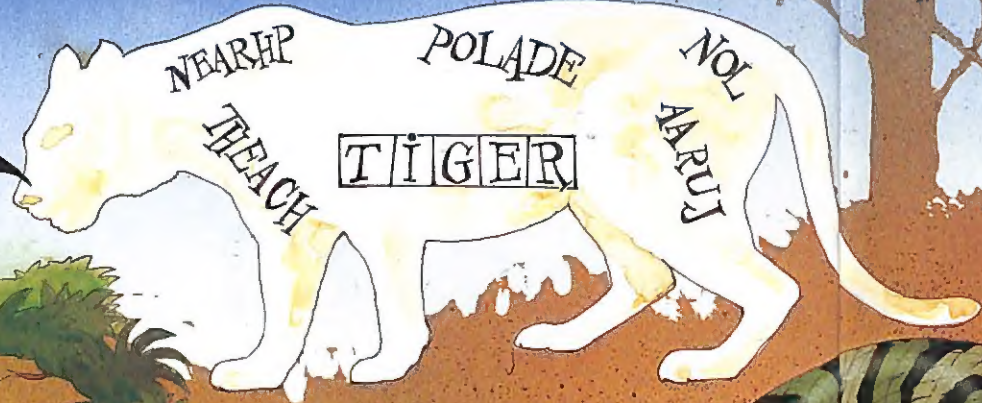
Ted Serios's thoughtography pictures displayed on the cover of his book.

When the pictures were scrutinised by experts, however, Serios suddenly introduced a 'gismo' – a tube of rolled up plastic which was held in front of the camera lens – and which probably produced the wacky results.

SNAPPY ANSWERS

Are psychic photographs the result of tricks of light or deliberate tricks by clever con-artists? Or could technology be getting us in touch with the paranormal? Can you decide?

AWESOME ANIMALS PUZZLES



HEAD-HUNTING!

Complete the animal heads by matching them up with the correct horns, tusks or antlers.

CAT-ASTROPHE!

The names of five fearsome big cats are jumbled up. One letter is also missing from each. Sort out this catastrophe and correct the names. Each one can only be completed by adding a different letter from the TIGER!

FEARSOME FACTS

The capybara is the world's largest living rodent. It is a staggering 134cm long and its shoulder height is 62cm! It lives in South America and can stay under water for five minutes at a time!

FANTASTIC FACTS

The water-dwelling anaconda is a South American snake that can grow to an awesome size, according to various spine-chilling reports. Recorded specimens have reached more than eleven metres! That makes it the biggest snake in the world.

THE RIGHT TRACK

Can you complete the sequence of well-worn animal tracks etched on the stepping stones across the river?

pr spo. w ch a gd
ts iu w ch a
xf , eye not an im 2 ty
If u d tle k e g e's me
b 4 ch is 2 !

HELP!

The note says someone's in deep trouble! Can you come to the rescue by reading it?

POWERFUL PREDATOR

Complete the two verses, adding the words below them in their correct places. Then say what awesome animal it is!

ALL CHANGE

Turn a feisty FROG into a beastly BEAR by adjusting one letter each time in the grid below.

F	R	O	G
B	E	A	R

I eat, I eat fish,

I have fur that is,

I have claws and big jaws,

With used to bite!

I can....., I can swim,

I like, I like,

I'll stand just like you,

On all fours off I go!

ice white run meat

snow run teeth

FEROCIOUS FACTS

The world's largest lizard is the bulky Komodo dragon that can grow to about three metres. A formidable flesh-eater, it will feed on deer or wild hog.

ANSWERS

HEAD-HUNTING! = I (giraffe, giraffe's horns); II (buffalo, buffalo horns); III (rhino, rhino's horns); IV (wild pig, wild pig's horns); V (moose, moose's horns); VI (elephant, elephant's tusk).
HELP! The message reads: I am down river on Monkey Island. My canoe has sunk and I have a bad fever, so I cannot swim to safety. If you find this note, do solve me before it is too late!
THE RIGHT TRACK! Put each animal track in its unused position (see drawing).
GAT-ASTROPHE! = PANTHER, LION, JAGUAR, CHEETAH, LEOPARD.
ALL CHANGE! = FROG, FLAG, FLEA, FEAR, BEAR.
POWERFUL PREDATOR The missing words in order are: meat, white, teeth, run, ice, snow. The creature is a Polar Bear.

